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“MONMOUTH”

OR

The Treason of Charles Lee,

Former Half-pay Lieutenant Colonel British Army,
Second in Command.

A Dramatic Monograph of the American Revolution

IN ONE ACT

BY RANDOLPH KEIM

430

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“MONMOUTH.”

From an old print of a painting by GEORGE WASHINGTON PARKE CUSTIS, ARLINGTON HOUSE, VIRGINIA

FRONT, WASHINGTON on his white charger. GREENE on his right. LA FAYETTE on first horse on right of picture. KNOX on his right. Others represent officers in action, but not LEE. Left of picture, “CAPTAIN MOLLY,” at the gun. The British are seen in the distance where MONCKTON fell. On right in lower corner by a cannon lies DICKINSON of Virginia dying. Left by a drum, BONNER of Pennsylvania, also dying. A wounded rifleman lies prostrate in the center.

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A Dramatic Monograph of the American Revolution.

IN ONE ACT,

De Benneville
BY RANDOLPH KEIM

To which are appended :

RETROSPECTIVE OF A MARPLOT.—Charles Lee, a General without a victory.

PERSPECTIVE OF TWO HEROINES.—Mary Ludwig Hays, Captain “Molly” of “Monmouth”; Margaret Cochran Corbin, Captain “Maggy” of “Fort Washington.”

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It is with the profoundest feelings of admiration the author inscribes this dramatic development of the

BATTLE OF MONMOUTH

To the Sixteenth Continental Congress of the

DAUGHTERS

OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Held at Washington, in the District of Columbia,

April 15th to 20th, 1907,

And of the Independence of the United States of
America, One Hundred and Thirty-first.

Gift
Miss A. C. Hooper
ap. 30 '14

TO THE AUDITOR.

There has been much comment concerning the indisposition of American Audiences to properly support dramatic performances, having for their theme and action, events of thrilling and formative interest in their own history.

This, of all things, is radically unAmerican, for of any branch of the human family the American has the greatest reason to be proud of his country. He is the Sovereign of the land. Its Government and institutions were not formulated and fought out by a self-exalting, warrior nor an ambitious, self-aggrandizing monarch.

Its inception was the united wisdom, assimilation of authority and enactment of regularly and peacefully constituted deputies of the people. Its Declaration of Independence of the mother power was the action of the thirteen legally constituted Commonwealths of the former thirteen North American Colonies of Great Britain. The good fight was led by a soldier chosen from among the members of the Congress then sitting and in behalf of its supreme popular authority.

Therefore, the American people as a whole and particularly those descendant from the times of the Revolution, have additional reason to be proud of their country, because it was framed by their forebears as a "nation of the people by the people for the people."

The fact that a citizen, man, woman, or child, was not participant by descent in the

events of the Revolution is the more reason for his, her or its grateful recognition of the sufferings and sacrifices of those who did as they are enjoying the heritage of the deeds of men and women who laid the foundation and reared the superstructure to be enlarged and strengthened by the efforts of the sons and daughters of Old Glory, whether by descent, birth or adoption.

It is due to a mighty and national, state, county, municipal and rural, home and foreign association of women that the greatest amount of organized effort has been and is being accomplished to keep aflame the fires of patriotism in the hearts of the people.

The Memorial Continental Hall at Washington, D. C., is a monument to the earnestness of their zeal and the economy of their efforts.

Tactical Manoeuvres Immediately Preceding the Battle.

As soon as Washington became convinced of the serious intention of Sir Henry Clinton, the new British Commander, to abandon Philadelphia and form a junction with his forces in New York, he detached General Maxwell's Brigade in co-operation with the Militia of New Jersey to impede the movements of the enemy until he could bring up his main force still at Valley Forge.

The Continental troops and such militia as could be hastily gotten together proceeded to Coryell's Ferry, where they crossed the Delaware (June 22, 1778). Here Morgan with a select Corps of 600 men was detached to reinforce Maxwell, meanwhile the main Army advanced towards Princeton.

The tardy movements of Clinton caused the American Chief to suspect a plan for a general action, by enticing him into the low country and falling suddenly upon his right. For this reason he halted at Hopewell five miles from Princeton until June 25th.

During the preceding day Washington had made a second detachment of 1,500 select men under Brigadier General Charles Scott with troops from Virginia to reinforce those already in touch with the enemy.

On June 26th Washington advanced to Kingston. There, having learned through his spies that the enemy was heading towards Monmouth Court House, he despatched a thousand of his

best men under Wayne, with La Fayette in command of the entire Corps, including Maxwell's brigade and Morgan's Light Infantry with orders, to fall upon the enemy's rear and attack at the first fair opportunity.

The evening of the same day (26th) leaving the baggage train of his Army, Washington advanced from Kingston with a view to preserving a proper distance for supporting the advance. This movement brought the main American Army to Cranberry early on the morning of June 27th.

A fearful storm and the intense heat delayed further movements on that day it being all important to husband the energies of his main troops for an evidently impending conflict.

The Advanced Corps however left its position of the night before and took post the same evening on the Monmouth road about five miles from the British rear with the intention of attacking the moment it resumed its march.

The position of Washington with his main Army at Cranberry now being too remote for support in case of attack, moved up, while La Fayette led off by his left towards Englishtown. This movement the Marquis executed early on the morning of the 27th.

Sir Henry Clinton divining the purpose of these combinations, during his march from Allentown, entirely changed the disposition of his troops by transferring all his best to his rear.

To meet this combination Washington increased the strength of his Advance Corps by detaching Lee with two brigades to join the Marquis at Englishtown. Lee being the senior officer naturally came into command of the whole, the entire force consisting of 5,000 men.

OVERTURE.

Medley Continental Field Airs, with Drum and Fife Solo, "On the road to Boston," "Rural Felicity," "My Dog and Gun."

CHARACTERS.

AMERICAN ARMY.

WASHINGTON (GEORGE), Commander-in-Chief.

Scammel, Adjutant General.

Knox, Chief of Artillery.

Hamilton, Aid de Camp.

LEE (CHARLES), former half-pay Lieutenant Colonel, British Army.

LA FAYETTE (MARQUIS DE), Commanding Advance Corps, until outranked by Lee.
Gimat, Aid.

WAYNE (ANTHONY) holds the "Bloody Angle."

GRAYSON (WILLIAM), with Carolina Brigade.

DICKINSON, Commanding New Jersey Brigade.

SHREVE and HOWARD, regimental officers.

CAPTAIN SWIFT (REGINALD), of the Continental Light Horse, Chief of Scouts.

CAPTAIN "MOLLY" (MARY LUDWIG HAYS)—
An officer—Another officer—an Aide de Camp—Captain of the Guard—A gunner—
An express—A fifer—A Soldier—A Sentry—A Countryman.

Orderlies—Soldiers—Light Infantry—Artillery—Militia and Contingents.

BRITISH ARMY.

MONCKTON, Colonel of Grenadiers.

ANDRE, Adjutant-General.

SHADRACK, of the Light Dragons.

VON ASEL, of the Yagers.

ADAM MERIWEATHER, a howling subject.

EVE, his spouse with strong patriotism.
Their daughters.

LUCILLE. A blonde struck with a certain
Mischianza, knight and bold Dragoon.

MAYBELLE, a brunette, with a heart between
the lines, full of anguish for a Buff and
Blue.

SERGEANT OF GRENADIERS. A MESSENGER.

A NEGRO SERVANT, (RUFUS.)

Guards, Grenadiers, Infantry, Chasseurs,
Dragoons, Hessians, Loyalist, Provincials.

PLACE. In the vicinity of Monmouth Court
House, in the State of New Jersey.

TIME. June 28th, 1778—(The Sabbath)—and
evening of the day before and dawn of
the day after.

MONMOUTH

A DRAMA OF CONTINENTAL ARMS

IN ONE ACT

SCENE I.

CRANBERRY *in New Jersey. June 26, 1778*

*Camp of the American Army—WASHINGTON'S
Marquee right—Office tents, left, opposite—
Sentries—Life Guards—Soldiers about.
Road to Monmouth passes across the rear,
line of direction northeast, to right of stage.*

*WASHINGTON seated at a Camp table with
a map before him. LA FAYETTE seated on
his left—SCAMMEL and HAMILTON writing
in front of office tents.*

WASHINGTON. Speak freely Marquis, I am always pleased to ascertain your views.

LA FAYETTE. I wish to recall the incident at Valley Forge upon General Lee's rejoining the Colors, after his exchange.

WASHINGTON. It was a strange proceeding at best and yet had a humorous side.

LA FAYETTE. Possibly I took it too seriously. It involved a solemn trust, and considered in connection with his conduct on another occasion—

WASHINGTON. You refer to Basking Ridge.

LA FAYETTE. In part, but his conduct in general. That should be sufficient to suggest vigilance at least.

WASHINGTON. It struck me at the time, it had a very unsoldierly appearance.

LA FAYETTE. At least—A general officer establishing his headquarters four miles distant from his command. His capture by a scout of the enemy—The bringing away of his troops by another, fortunately in time to participate in the affairs at Trenton and Princeton, must have had a motive.

WASHINGTON. The subsequent course however of General Howe was calculated to disarm suspicion. His imprisonment in New York and rating as a deserter from the British Army with orders to be sent to England for trial—

LA FAYETTE. Which may have been part of the programme, notwithstanding your communication to General Howe that you would hold five Hessian officers in your hands as hostages for his personal safety—

WASHINGTON. Forced him to be regarded as a prisoner—subject to the laws of war.

LA FAYETTE. And from certain information at hand operating meanwhile in his own behalf, to betray you upon first opportunity.

WASHINGTON. Marquis, ever loyal to my interests, I may be over confident in the rectitude

of a character not always entitled to favorable consideration.

LA FAYETTE. I wish General to bring to your further attention—it will be the first battle in which General Lee participates since his liberation by his countrymen.

WASHINGTON. A point not to be overlooked.

LA FAYETTE. Bringing the subject nearer home you may remember Congress having requisitioned the Commander-in-Chief to administer the oath of allegiance to all general officers before entering upon the present campaign, General Lee twice withdrew his hand from THE BOOK. And when questioned by yourself as to his motive replied, “as to King George I am ready enough to absolve myself from all allegiance, but I have some scruples about the Prince of Wales.”

WASHINGTON. Very much like a bargain with a string to it. He nevertheless subscribed.

LA FAYETTE. It carried significance to many of those present, which has increased in the light of his conduct at the Hopewell Council.

WASHINGTON. Very right Marquis. It is well to scrutinize men’s actions especially when there is such good occasion.

LA FAYETTE. In response to your proposition as to bringing Sir Henry Clinton to a general action, General Lee vehemently opposed such a course.

WASHINGTON. His specious arguments, supported by imagined skill in warlike matters, experience, though of no creditable variety, and very doubtful ability, succeeded in swerving some of the juniors.

LA FAYETTE. As a consequence the better judgment of the first in command was set aside in deference to the dubitable opinions of the second.

WASHINGTON. Nor was he less discursive as to even troubling his countrymen in their attempts to reach a haven of escape.

LA FAYETTE. The movements of the enemy have warranted this deduction—to advance a large detachment to attack their rear, holding the main Army in sufficient proximity for a general engagement should the prospects of victory be reasonably favorable.

WASHINGTON. The command of this detachment operating upon the heels of the enemy would naturally fall to General Lee.

LA FAYETTE. Who is absolutely opposed to the plan. Considering the attitude of General Lee, I tender my services where it may suit Your Excellency to place them in the attacking division.

WASHINGTON. The substitution should have the previous consent of General Lee.

LA FAYETTE. In the conduct of an enterprise in which General Lee did not concur—

WASHINGTON. I am fully determined to assume

all the responsibility for the risk and the result. A battle at best is the hazard of a die. Some unseen spectre of alarm may fright into a panic. The merest drop of incident turn to a deluge.

LA FAYETTE. I have the consent of General Lee to lead the Advance Corps, coupled with his disapproval of the project of the Commander-in-Chief, with the additional assurance, in its double application to himself, that it will fail and his willingness to be relieved from any responsibility in carrying it out.

WASHINGTON. Which meets with my full concurrence as to yourself.

(Addressing that officer.)

Colonel Scammel will order all Continental detachments already on the lines, under command of Marquis de La Fayette for gaining the enemy's left flank and rear—He will attack the enemy as occasion may require even to the extent of his full force. He will maintain his communication with the main Army, which I shall hold available for a general action.

(SCAMMEL folds and hands the instructions to LA FAYETTE—Both rise.)

WASHINGTON. *(Proceed together a few steps, halt—face each other—WASHINGTON places left hand on LA FAYETTE'S shoulder and taking his right).* Marquis for victory or death.

LA FAYETTE. I vouch my life for success.

WASHINGTON. Then Heaven bring success.

(Exit LA FAYETTE, WASHINGTON reseats himself. Enter GENERAL LEE in a flurry as well as a hurry. Halts before the table. Salutes.

WASHINGTON. *(Looking up returning salute).*

I last had intelligence concerning General Lee from Camp at Kingston.

LEE. I must entreat, after a thousand apologies, a reconsideration of my assent, to the Marquis de La Fayette taking command of the present detachment.

WASHINGTON. I was under the impression—
Will General Lee be seated—

(Seats himself.

The assent was deliberately proffered.

LEE. I then viewed it as the proper business of a young volunteering General.

WASHINGTON. Young, true but a veteran among his elders—Then it answers General Lee's purpose better than he had supposed.

LEE. Undoubtedly—To command a Corps of six thousand chosen men is an honor next to the Commander-in-Chief—My yielding it would have an odd appearance.

WASHINGTON. Not any more than reversing your original decision in view of opinions you have taken the liberty to express.

LEE. So far I speak from purely personal reasons. As an officer I do not think the detachment should march at all.

WASHINGTON. Then why ask to command it—
Is General Lee come to dictate what his superior should or shall not do.

LEE. At least until the head of the enemy's right column shall have passed a certain point.

WASHINGTON. It has passed. Is that satisfactory to the movement of His Majesty's forces.

LEE. If Your Excellency thinks it necessary to advance the whole Army, there is no impropriety in the Marquis Commanding this detachment as an advance guard.

WASHINGTON. There is no command too important for Marquis de La Fayette—He will command such troops as the Commander-in-Chief sees fit to assign to him, and he will command them devotedly and to the mark.

LEE. That is the province of the first in Command, but—

WASHINGTON. But, no buts—

LEE. Supposing Maxwell's Scotts Morgans Jackson's Corps are in the field as a separate command under the Marquis until the enemy leaves the Jerseys, myself and Lord Stirling will be disgraced.

WASHINGTON. It is not possible to successfully operate an Army in presence of the enemy by means of a battledoor and shuttlecock trifling with command—Marquis De La Fayette is entitled to the same consideration in

withdrawing that General Lee received in rejecting.

LEE. I have reason to believe the impulse of generosity on the part of the Marquis de La Fayette inclines him though reluctantly, to yield provided he does not bring the enemy into action on the morrow.

WASHINGTON. As an expedient I order General Lee to march toward the Marquis with Scott's and Varnum's brigades, giving him notice of his approach. He to command the whole advance but not to interfere if the Marquis shall have any definite plan of attacking the enemy. In that event General Lee will render every assistance and countenance in his power.

(Both rising.)

WASHINGTON. You will attack the enemy upon the first movement of his column from his Camp on the morning of the morrow but one —The main Army will be in position to support the attack and engage in a general action. I trust this will be satisfactory to both.

LEE. Entirely so to myself, Sir.

(Salutes—WASHINGTON bows across the table—Exit LEE.)

WASHINGTON. Orderly.

(Advance Sergeant.)

My compliments to Colonel Scammel.

(Exit Sergeant. Advance Scammel.)

An express to the Marquis with these words.

(Scammel writing.

MY DEAR MARQUIS: General Lee's uneasiness and your politeness constrained me to detach him to reinforce you. I shall have an eye to your wishes and the delicacy of your position. General Lee will notify you of his approach and request you to prosecute any plan you may have already concerted for attacking the enemy. General Lee seems satisfied I wish it may prove agreeable to you, as I am with the warmest wishes for your honor and glory and with sincerest esteem and affection.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

(Scammel folds it and hands to an express.

WASHINGTON. With despatch.

(Exit express.

By my orders, Colonel Hamilton will place the Army on the road for a nearer position in support of the advance.

(Salute and exit HAMILTON. WASHINGTON returns to his seat, writing. "Assembly" calls of trumpets and drums. Column to fife and drum marches across rear, WASHINGTON rises, SCAMMEL same.

WASHINGTON. It is not General Clinton's purpose unless driven, to engage with heavy encumbrances of his own and the burden of his unbidden guests who prefer to be called humble subjects of His Majesty than free-born citizens of an independent state. Finding us

encroaching upon his front has he not changed direction. And we have among us those who would not venture to disarrange this convenient programme. Now is the time—Never a better to brain clout the racers and land the goods.

(Sentries salute—They join the column meanwhile the Scene changes.)

MUSIC.

A symphonic effect runs softly through the lines: The Girl I Left Behind Me. Tune the old cow died on. Job stole a Turkey.

SCENE II.

Evening of June 27, 1778. Camp of British Army

SIR HENRY CLINTON *in Command. Right, mile and half beyond "Monmouth Court House" to the parting of the roads leading to Shrewsburg and Middletown. Left along the road from Allentown to Monmouth about three miles—this side of the latter place and towards WASHINGTON'S position. Right flank in the skirt of a grove. Left covered by a thick wood, a Morass running toward the rear. Whole front protected by trees and extends towards the left.*

Camp of the Vanguard and Baggage train. Knyphausen commanding, on Freehold height and vicinity.

The stage represents a wood by the roadside—Among the trees a family coach with immense leathern springs, fore and aft—Boot well stowed with luggage—Box with cooking utensils and provender—Roof presenting a pyramid of band boxes and fixings belonging to the ladies and cases of rare vintages for the delectation of the gentlemen—Coach door open, steps down—An improvised table with decanters and glasses on it—Rude seats—An inclosure of curtains rear of coach—A small tempest in a large teapot.

MERIWEATHER. *(With a self-important clearing of his throat in the direction of an equally self-important specimen of articulated Ebony)* Stand out the flagon, Rufus of my best old Madeira, a little sherry and the decanter, with a wafer for a nibble. *(To himself).* The young gentleman will enjoy a round or two to rinse away a score or more miles of Continental dirt; heat enough to quick the silver wings of Mercury and an encore to OUR George—the King.

RUFUS. *(Getting busy arranging the drinkables, edibles and concomitants, coincidentally holding an edifying conversation with himself).*

Mass George of ole Virginny a freezin and a starvin the whole long winter at de Foge, mighty spry dese hot days. He's done gone

akeepin' dese reds and greens amovin' lively and a dodgin' and duckin' fust one way and den de udder, like de chicken wid de hawk alight'n in on her. Dis here prince peeples dey be discuss'n night and day, is not in put'n on Sunday fixins and every day airs. Sho as de good man in de mansion in de sky, Mass George ,et dar. The oder George across de way sets 'em up fine howsomever. Heeps of yellow gold pass'n 'round, but not for Rufus. Carousin' all day and a dancing and carrin's on wid de ladies de whole blessed night and a giv'n jim-crack parties.

(Getting louder and more emphatic as he proceeds.

That'n to Miss Kiiansa bet 'em all—Lord a Mercy—But most

(Laughing immoderately.

'Sprisin was dat odder 'sprise one deep dark night Mass Clinton our new general and Mass Howe de ole one and udder Mass Howe of the ships and de Dutch General wid a name's long as a fish line an' de green deers, an' lager beers, Engineers, long ears *(Chuckling)* Chasers, cannoneers, ten thousand strong they call 'em but all-powerful weak when dey comes to business, went a gunnin' fo' de little French boy dey call him Markee, a hovering 'round like de Fox on de hen coop. An' a big party dey set out fo' de ladies of de town fo' a show him off, afo' dey catch de

rabbit but de fust shall be last and de last shall be fust. Arter all de plannin and confidin' in de ladies, when dey got thar dey find demselves a firing one at de udder, de rabbit he a jumping one way, an dey a runnin' de oposite while de Markee a laughin' at 'em fit to tar hees cloes across de river. So dey snoked in thar holes back in town. Then a gettin' 'skeer'd o' Mass George comin' a canterin' in wid his Continentals dey pull up stakes and skoot de town—wid Mass George a follerin. An sich a humpin' and hoppin and hoofin' and here we is Mass Adam a leavin' his dudds behind not a knowin' what de next minit bringing forth, in de say'n of de scriptur. I'se aguine—back—Dey skar about de Pine Robbers wait'in in de nooks to cut off de ears and captur de wallets of de patrats. Dem ar fellows, Fenton and Fagan a bad lot as I know.

But bein' not blessed wid wallets and no ears long enough to attract 'ttention, I'se guine to abandon de Philistine and make back tracks fo' de land o' Caanan.

(RUFUS having completed his stunt subsides—Advancing MERIWEATHER and his spouse.

MISTRESS M. I have my doubts—

MERIWEATHER. You are the Mother of doubts.

I often wonder how you escaped when it came to accepting me.

MISTRESS M. You left no room—You filled the air with potestations of love and not even enough for two to sit side by side in the same settee.

MERIWEATHER. In fact—

MISTRESS M. I shall turn back.

MERIWEATHER. So did Lot's—

MISTRESS M. You seem to have no thought of the welfare of your daughters—Is this the place for them?—You men never do comprehend the natural sensibilities of woman.

MERIWEATHER. Perhaps not—The Lord did not—What can you expect—

MISTRESS M. There it is again—that stale same subject. I am tired listening to Adam's family affairs. It is a sure sign of a guilty conscience—I am speaking about Adam Meriweather who has brought us into all this trouble.

RUFUS. (*Aside*). Off center agin. Mass Adam an' his Eve not satiated wid dere garden o' Eden at home, dey a carryin' it into forin' parts.

MERIWEATHER. Well,—Change the subject to Shadrack—Captain Shadrack. His intentions are proper and Lucille loves him.

MISTRESS M. That is a subject about which you know little—indeed I might say nothing.

MERIWEATHER. Evidently, when I married you.

MISTRESS M. It is too late to talk about that now. I never look to the follies of the past—

I only wish to add none to the fate of others in the future.

MERIWEATHER. (*Low*). Score one for Adam.

(*High*). Besides the Baron assures me we will be at Raritan in three days and our further inconvenience over—We shall then be once more at peace—The girls can again enjoy the gayeties to their heart's content.

MISTRESS M. Heart's content, poor Maybelle.

Her's is not in the red livery of a King.

(*High*). Is that why you are putting us to all this unnecessary discomfort. Is this what all this fighting is about for Your King. I will inform you here Mr. Adam Meriweather, they will never win. Then where are you—Out in the cold of course—I am not posing for a prophetess.

MERIWEATHER. That is not your stronghold Eve—Besides somebody will hear you—

MISTRESS M. Eaves-droppers never hear any good of themselves.

MERIWEATHER. Nor is the caudle worth the candle.

MISTRESS M. You will learn to your sorrow some day. "Granny" Howe was doing his best when Mr. Clinton came to try his hand and this is the beginning of the end—But for their ships it would be now. A pretty set making war on defenseless towns and villages along the coast, against old men unable to fight and women and children un-

able to defend with weapons of vile war but they give their husbands and sons to help.

MERIWEATHER. If you keep on in that style you will be put down for a whig, an old line—

MISTRESS M. I draw a new line right here. General Washington and his Army poorly fed, clothed and equipped, and perhaps no clothes at all but for our good friend the French King, with brave hearts are hanging on. I shall not be at all surprised at anything.

MERIWEATHER. Appease your fears or your wishes perhaps better. Sir Henry—

(Enter SHADRACK and VON ASEL—The young ladies behind the curtains rigged up for a boudoir.)

Ah, Captain, I take it you have been having a day out.

SHADRACK. Mr. Washington's tatterdemalions must be confessed a slippery lot. So we people who go on mounts are expected to keep an eye on him—Picked up a young gentleman who is rather short in his accounts of himself and his business within our outlying pickets—Here is Baron Von Asel one of our contingent friends—He is a gentleman of excellent taste. *(Turning his attention toward the table)*. I take the liberty of presenting him.

MERIWEATHER. *(Pompously)*. Baron your most obedient—A very warm day.

ASEL. Like Hell (*Turning to Eve quite shocked*). It makes me much unhappy to feel your acquaintance.

SHADRACK. Dragoonading the country as we proceed.

MISTRESS M. I presume you saw nothing of General Washington in your travels as he enjoys meeting a gallant soldier.

SHADRACK. Not exactly, although we heard of him not far away. Still far enough to keep out of range.

MISTRESS M. (*Laughing*). They say he takes his own time and place for paying respects to his Majesty's Army.

MERIWEATHER. (*To Eve*). I do not understand how you persist in expressing such sentiments under my roof.

MISTRESS M. (*Low*). Under God's free vault of heaven.

MERIWEATHER. (*Low*). They will take you for an enemy to the King.

MISTRESS M. (*Disdainfully*). Surely I am not his friend.

(LUCILLE and MAYBELLE ready for exhibition, advancing.)

SHADRACK. Just the idea—You are quite a strategist Madame—His times far between and places few do not occupy much space on the maps—Fighting wind-mills.

MISTRESS M. I am surprised Captain to have you admit so much.

(All laughing heartily at the turn on the Captain who with ASEL greets the latter. To her husband.

(Undertone). Meri—how does that strike you.

MERIWEATHER. *(Drawing himself together).*

(Low). I am inclined to concede one to Eve
(Loud). Gentlemen in the midst of all this amiable sparring, let us not forget the sponge.

(Casting a signal at RUF, who steps up promptly with the nourishment on a tray at sufficient elevation to afford a background of two rows of wide open ivory.

Here's to the memory of many happy days in the city of Brotherly Love—

MISTRESS M. It might be said of Man's deevices.

MERIWEATHER. Gentlemen I think the original proposition is being overlooked.

(RUFUS receiving another tip of the Code fills 'em up and delivers.

SHADRACK. *(Holding up his glass).* Good Madam—The Declaration of Independence for instance.

MISTRESS M. That was an after-thought when the Declaration of Love and loyalty had been rejected—

(SHADRACK joins LUCILLE strolling away right, in a confidential mood. ASEL goes with MAYBELLE left, the elders renew their

conjugal colloquy moving a little to the rear.

ASEL. (*Getting sociable*). You dont luf me any more.

MAYBELLE. (*Evading his attentions*). I have not known you five minutes. I might at least be allowed a little time for the sake of better acquaintance.

ASEL. Ya—Fife Minuten behind—A very long time in ze Army might get kilt—Zen what—Zey be no wetting.

LUCILLE. How sad that might be.

SHADRACK. Lucille have you ever thought—

ASEL. Ya I thought to-morrow I wut come yesterday to see you once—Shadrack er sagt die zeit but he went away in de saddle.

SHADRACK. Lucille! Lucille! I feel, I feel—

ASEL. (*Falls on his knees*). Vat you feel—I luf you twice—I kill myself alive for you—Sagst du ya un den I vil be gute.

(He reaches for MAYBELLE's hand but she stepping out of reach falls forward all fours, casting about.

Och blitzen, ich bin Von Asel shure.

(Looking up.

Dit you understand vat I said notting.

(Gets up.

(Enter ANDRE received by ADAM and spouse

ANDRE. I am the bearer of a little Missive received at Headquarters not in the regular order of post. Captain Shadrack, to whom I

am beholden (*mutually saluting*) and Von Asel too (*mutually saluting*) an agreeable party, gathered in his net in yesterday's outing a young gentleman, circumstantially suspicious, and upon his person was found a sweet billet. He will be given a trial by drum head to-morrow. It is a document such as a young lady might write to one whom she considered more than a friend—Somewhat sour as to ourselves, not dangerously so, but for sweetness nectar itself. The letter will interest Miss Maybelle to whom I extend my most distinguished consideration. (*Turning*) Miss Meriweather my most cordial addresses.

(All intently interested MAYBELLE looks at the superscription and with great coolness places the letter in her bosom.)

ASEL. You haf one correspondent mit de enemy.

MAYBELLE. It might be well for you to learn the language of the country and how to be a gentleman—

ASEL. Dank. (*Bowing low*).

MERIWEATHER. Maybelle—

MISTRESS M. I like to see spirit in a girl, else she would not be a daughter of mine—

ANDRE. Bravo, Madame you have a large family in this corner of the earth.

MERIWEATHER. Does it compromise—

ANDRE. Yes—A compromise—the name is correct in the calendar of months being May, but draws nothing on the lines of beauty for we

all concede that to your belle is due the palm in that class.

MISTRESS M. (*Making a profound courtesy*).

Major Andre, Adjutant-General of the British Army in America, you are a gentleman of discrimination.

MERIWEATHER. (*Low*). An inning for Eve—
These patriotesses,—esses.

(*Enter Messenger.*

MESSENGER. Mr. Adam Meriweather, special
Despatch.

MERIWEATHER. (*To Eve low*). Now see to
what a pass your outspoken sentiments have
brought us.

MISTRESS M. Vocative—Adam.

(*Meriweather all excitement.*

Hand it to me.

(*She opens the letter.*

From Baron Knyphausen. Orders. Put the
baggage, he might at least have said
luggage, in position to move forthwith.
Here is a Nota Bena. The Baron re-
grets the necessity of incommoding Mr. and
Mrs. Meriweather and daughters, but a sud-
den movement of Mr. Washington and his
followers threatens our line of direction.
Precaution is better than procrastination.
Nothing more. Give yourselves no unneces-
sary alarm.

MERIWEATHER. Rufus, you have your orders.

RUFUS. I have 'em, (*Low*) Mass George no
monkey shines when he gits on to 'em.

MAYBELLE. (*To her mother*). It is Reginald.

I must save him—

(*She moves placidly to her improvised toilette where she coolly dons her bonnet and a light wrap. Officers hastening away.*)

ASEL. I would see ze Maybellee.

SHADRACK. Come, Asel—No time to stand on ceremony.

ASEL. I no stand, you run.

MAYBELLE. (*Stepping out*). Rufus come with me.

RUFUS. I'se a guine Miss Honey.

(*They proceed to leave.*)

MERIWEATHER. (*Sternly*). Rufus, Rufus—A deserter—The Pine Robbers.

RUFUS. I'se a pinin—for dem—same old flesh pots.

SCENE III.

1 A. M., June 28, 1778.—THE SABBATH.

Before FREEHOLD HEIGHTS. General LEE orders General DICKINSON forward close to the Camp of the enemy for observation and posts MORGAN near enough to open an attack upon his first movement. Shortly before daylight LEE starts GRAYSON with the brigades of SCOTT and VARNUM in the direction of Monmouth Court House.

These detachments may be seen moving at a distance—

DAWN—From Freehold Heights. KNYPHAUSEN Van Guard consisting of Hessian Grenadiers, Infantry, Yager's Pennsylvania and Maryland Loyalists and the entire train descends into the Valley between Monmouth Court House and Middletown, in order to give the wagons, packs and horde of refugees time to get under and out of the way in event of a battle.

This motley array is seen crossing the stage rear by the Monmouth Road.

8 A. M. SIR HENRY CLINTON having transferred his chosen troops from the Van to the rear to meet the dispositions and evident purpose of General WASHINGTON, moves from his position on Freehold Heights with the main British Army consisting of the 34th and 35th Brigades; 2d Battalion of Grenadiers; Hessian Grenadiers. Battalion of Light Infantry; The Guards and 16th Regiment of Light Dragoons, and resumes his march toward Middletown.

These troops pass across the rear of the stage following the baggage train.

The advance of WAYNE'S Pennsylvania and MAXWELL'S New Jersey Brigades as if in pursuit appear on the road at rear of

stage, after CLINTON'S troops have passed, and halt for orders.

(Enter LA FAYETTE and staff.

LA FAYETTE. Having failed of the expected opportunity to bring His Excellency, Sir Clinton to a ball and bayonet exercise—

(Enter LEE and staff mutually saluting.

I was observing, not having been favored by the fortunes of war with an opportunity to make an engagement with Sir Henry, within the hours of yesterday I now await the orders of his countryman General Lee, for such disposition of favors as he may have in view.

(LEE appears disconcerted.

LEE. I trust Marquis de La Fayette shall not be disappointed.

(Enter Messenger from General DICKINSON to LA FAYETTE.

LA FAYETTE. *(To messenger handing him a paper).* I wish it understood Marquis de La Fayette is no longer responsible for the operations of the Advance Corps of the American Army.

(Messenger turning to LEE—Hands him the paper.

LEE. *(Scanning the contents).* "The British Army is now in motion toward Monmouth."

DICKINSON.

(Another Messenger to LEE.

(Reads). The main American Army is now in march to co-operate with the Advance Corps. General Lee will press forward with the utmost vigor and attack the enemy unless there be reasons why he should not. By order of GENERAL WASHINGTON.

(Aside). A proviso, always a loop-hole to sinister designs—for reasons satisfactory—This is my queue to the tale of woe, thou wilt strum ere the set of Sun. Then buckled, in thy vain endeavor to right the wrongs you chant about, you will learn the wrongs as you would have them, so over-burdened by the rights of others that falling back to your native state your generation will wish you had ne'er been found. *(Looking at his time piece)* 9 o'clock. Grayson now passed the Freehold house of God, so he will be as this comes to hand one-half by two miles approaching the field of Mars at Monmouth.

(Enter GRAYSON.

I had thought you well on toward Monmouth.

GRAYSON. The youth who bore your order gave it as his opinion I had better halt than advance being on the way he had learned the main British Army moving to attack—The custom of war does make the Aid the mouth-piece of his general and this important tendrill of our octopus to be thus clipped led forth to inquiry.

LEE. Go too and await my order.

(GRAYSON *back to his column.* Enter DICKINSON.

DICKINSON. As I held the hight across the field, the rumor spread so far that Sir Henry hard pressed, had turned at bay to give his trains vantage of leaving in their rear greater room for eventualities.

LEE. When intelligence comes this way to fit the purpose of such disposition it shall be sent you. Hold your present ground. As you are here post two regiments on the hill beyond and secure the road hard by.

(*Exit* DICKINSON.

One says the enemy is in flight. The other is moving for attack. In the midst of this confusion of intelligence comes that suspecting inferential, pestilential Frenchman at the head of the main body of Advance.

(*Enter* LA FAYETTE *and aid saluting.*

LA FAYETTE. Admitting recognition due to the experience of General Lee varied by a wide scope of performance.

(*Enter an officer of American Light Horse.*

OFFICER. (10 A. M.) As about to make descent upon the enemy—there appeared upon an eminence in forwardness of attack a squadron of the Queen's Dragoons.

LEE. Allow them to approach as near as may be for your safety then retire our Horse to Wayne—Say by General Lee's order to receive them.

(LA FAYETTE *with his glass surveying.*

LA FAYETTE. They have not grace sufficient to await their tardy orders. Away they go—Look Light Horse and Dragoon Squadron and Platoon—Take a handicap and hurdle for place of rally—Ah—See gallantly Butler brings the Queen's to their haunches—They halt—They reel—To the rear they fly in pell-mell disorder. And there in the thickest see keen-sighted Oswald, famed leading the forlorn hope of Arnold against these same Britishers on Quebec's cliffs, pounding them with his pounders—Aha Wayne brave, Wayne, see his bristling battle line like the sea wave swelling. See that flashing emblem the presage of victory.

(LEE *hastily scribbling on a piece of paper.*

LEE. (*To a courier*). Quick thee to delivery of this superscription to its destination.

(*Courier rushes out.*

LA FAYETTE. He comes within approach of cannon range. Now men to your steel. Give it them to the shank—Before his withering scorn of danger see the red coats feeling it time to vanish—What now of a sudden—It cannot be brave Wayne—with victory in certain reach—

LEE. As you are so circumspect in your observations at this point of battle—

LA FAYETTE. No longer in command whose office is it to be with the troops looking to

their longing wish to assault (*Aside*) in the cause he did in mental reservation foreswear and now seeming to do a thing in which he hath no heart—

(*Enter WAYNE in excitement.*)

WAYNE. (*11 A. M. to LEE*). With the hand outstretched to pluck the blooming rose came this withering word.

LEE. To make but a feigned attack and not push to overmuch precipitation, thus 'twould be subversion of a deeper plan—(*Aside*) to cut off the covering parties of the enemy or otherwise.

LA FAYETTE. (*Aside*). Thus making cover of his inward perfidy, a decoy to the confidence of honest men.

WAYNE. As a soldier I obey the orders of my superior, as a citizen of these States I hold its good intent in abeyance—I can yet recover what this vacant moment hath left undone.

LA FAYETTE. (*Intently surveying the field and conversing with WAYNE, LEE apparently giving orders to his aid*). There is much mystery in these methods of procedure.

WAYNE. (*To LA FAYETTE aside*). It would seem the art of treachery rather than of strategy. He is sending on a fool's errand in detachments out of the woods below within cannon shot of the King's forces when rather he should press them with his force at

command. I had hold of them when his strange orders fell as a paralytic.

LA FAYETTE. Sir Henry as I estimate the moves upon the board of battle bears impression, our forces do march in force upon both his flanks designing to appropriate that valuable yet encumbering commodity of war, his royal baggage and even more embarrassing with liabilities large and assets small—his loyal luggage masculine, feminine and neuter, now trailing its snakey length on toward Middletown—In this belief he hath changed his front about ready to fall upon thy serried line with so great weight to compel our forces operating on his flanks to go to thy support thus making one concentration for his convenience when we should have three for our own success.

WAYNE. I shall at least have the honor to hold my position at arms fixed if by your orders I may not carry theirs at bayonets charge.

(Exit WAYNE to his Command.)

LA FAYETTE. I see a cloud in yonder corner of the plain, with guidons flying and stems of glistening steel sparkling in the rising dust. Sir Henry's Horse bidding for thy right. Now is the rising of the tide, with thy permission, I will seek their rear, attack and their dispersion follows. Then pushing on supported by our chief now in motion in a body to thy

support, victory is assured—Complete in detail and destiny.

LEE. My dear Marquis. You do not know British soldiers.

LA FAYETTE. Then I must be ignorant of many generations of inheritance of war, last, the sire of this breath who parted, his own on the bloody field of Minden.

LEE. Maybe, valor by inheritance is that quantity, which in thee may be of second nature, but at third hand in others it may not be so esteemed.

LA FAYETTE. It may *be* general but British soldiers have been beaten—Within these very bounds of one, United States. They may be again—I am disposed to make the trial.

LEE. It may fall to your lot—I go to take the length and breadth of the enemy.

(Exeunt LEE and aids.)

LA FAYETTE. Clear as the noon tide ray—Thus this envenomed serpent courts defeat and its entailed horrors to our friends, than victory in emulation of the meed of Washington, whom he counts more bitter enemy than the soured flesh within himself. This is no figment of the fancy—The heat of intrigue is not yet cold since a miscarriage uncovered the gross enormity.

(Writing.)

(Handing the letter). Gimat put a kite to thy horse's heels and with lightning speed

pass this along. Thy wit a la militaire doth inspire thee with its destination.

(Exit Gimat. Enter an express handing a paper.)

“Marquis de La Fayette will wheel column by his right, gain and attack enemy’s left.”

Does he mean to entrap me too in the meshes of his guilt. See Wayne holding up his trembling banner on the left, weakened by Wesson, Stewart and Livingston withdrawn to support the right—That means mischief in the air. Clinton of a surety hath countermarched his way to Middletown and is making back his force for a stand at Monmouth. *(Eagerly)*. And see the right falling to the rear ere their support doth come up. Wayne, without his normal strength, to meet the pressure of Clinton’s whole fast approach. And so the retrograde of events goes on—Scott and Maxwell well lined for the fray, making ill omened haste back for Freehold Heights.

(Enter an express.)

NOON. The Marquis de La Fayette will withdraw his battle line to Monmouth by orders of General Lee. This means retreat—A crumbling mass of valor, undermined by infamy—Tell General Lee this is no surprise to Gilbert du Motier, Marquis de La Fayette. Bear in mind the name—adding nor, is it to himself. Can you recall the phrasing.

EXPRESS. I can sir.

LA FAYETTE. Then put it so and make haste ere it is too late.

(Suddenly a great roar of voices followed by the American troops in retreat across rear.)

LA FAYETTE. *(With his sword aloft).*

Halt!—Halt!

(Men rushing in all directions across stage as the scene changes.)

SCENE IV.

11 A. M. Freehold Church—Forks of the road.

Main body of the American Army halted awaiting development on GENERAL LEE'S lines—GENERAL WASHINGTON dismounted with his arm thrown over his horse—Officers near—Life Guard and soldiers about—Head of column on the road. rear—

(A messenger from the front.)

WASHINGTON. *(Receiving the paper).* A word from Lee *(reading)* "I am in touch with the enemy and forming plans to cut him off"—Opportunity is fair to wipe out all color of doubt.

(Hands the paper to SCAMMEL—Addressing GENERAL GREENE.)

Advance by the Freehold road to grapple the enemy in the rear of Monmouth. This

Army shall be in double readiness for your own and Lee's support.

(Soldiers throw off their packs to be free for action—GREENE salutes and retires—

Enter GIMAT hands WASHINGTON a paper.

(Reading) "False movements under my own observation impels me to urge the utmost importance of the personal espionage and control of the Commander-in-Chief over the movements of the day. I am convinced General Lee is actuated by cowardice or treachery."

MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE.

(Simultaneously enter a countryman.

you are in haste. What speeds you to such a panic.

COUNTRYMAN. *(In great excitement)*. I am a patriot born and doing. Our friends in front are in retreat.

WASHINGTON. How dare swear yourself a patriot and be bearer of such an idle tale.

COUNTRYMAN. I speak what I have seen I could not dream it—I court a victory.

WASHINGTON. Take this monger into custody.

COUNTRYMAN. *(While being seized)*. There's one who has out-leaped the rest, take him for a cross witness. *(Aside)*. Better not be idle here on quibbles, when there be argument over there on facts.

(Enter a Fifer.

WASHINGTON. What is your business—Piping

with your runners, when you should be piping tunes to fight by.

FIFER. I blew 'em a string of keys, when I be blowed no one left to blow for, so joined the rest on a running scale.

WASHINGTON. You shall be flogged do you repeat it—Put him out of hearing lest he does spread a whirlwind of alarm among these steady men advancing to the fray.

(Enter a soldier.)

What brings you here? Where is your officer?

SOLDIER. I saw him break away and dusted with the rest.

WASHINGTON. *(To an aid)*. Haste thee to the point center of the storm and bring the bearing of the wind. I do believe my ears, though at issue with the sight before me. I have heard but few cannon peals, the unerring tocsin of the murderous undertaking. *(Aside)*. Would he dare retreat without a stroke for honor and to top it, to thus give endorsement of his adverse opinion before the battle's on. *(To the guard)*. Free those truthful men for their early report—Here come Grayson—Patten with their battled heroes in disorder such as I never saw them, in worse stress than this.

WASHINGTON. *(To an officer)*. Is the whole Advance corps in retreat.

OFFICER. I am of that disgraced belief.

WASHINGTON. (*In severe tones*). Incredible! incredible! General Lee must have been wary of his ammunition. Holding to the highest pitch, to key the responsive note of battle, I heard but little firing.

(*Head of retreating column appears from the direction of the field.*)

Halt there. Here is brave Shreve I never knew him in such a posture of affairs. What brings you here?

SHREVE. Orders. I knew of no fighting to warrant them—A slight tilt with the enemy's cavalry, which was promptly repulsed.

WASHINGTON. March these brave men to the hill you see beyond the Morass—Halt them on its crowning summit—Refresh them for other duty than retreat.

(MAJOR HOWARD *approaching*.)

What brings you in this retrogade.

HOWARD. I would like to know. I have never seen its equal for disgrace.

ANOTHER OFFICER. (*Speaking up*). By the Almighty Lord of Hosts, we are flying from a shadow.

WASHINGTON. My countrymen in our homes, comrades in the field. This is not the way to Liberty. All who still possess the spirit of "Seventy-six" countermarch and follow.

(*Manent all. Dark change.*)

SCENE V.

MERIDAN—*Another part of the field.*

On the Road between Freehold Church and the Causeway.

WASHINGTON. *(In a state of great exasperation).* So this fellow—this artful fellow has played me. Here he comes proudly at the head of a broken unbattered train. The world might misconstrue a victor. Halt these misguided heroes. Is this the direction of the enemy.

(As GENERAL LEE comes up—In a tone of reprimand.

I desire to know sir, the meaning of this confusion.

LEE. *(In a stumbling manner).* I know of no confusion but what is natural from disobedience of orders, contrary intelligence, impertinence—

WASHINGTON. Greater, impertinence to undertake command unless you meant to fight the enemy.

LEE. And presumption of individuals invested with no authority intruding themselves in matters above them.

WASHINGTON. And said individuals if by that plural number you point at one, would that more in such extremity were so faithful to their duty.

LEE. The retreat in the first instance was contrary to my orders and contrary to my wishes.

WASHINGTON. I recall you came a begging back the command you did surrender. I have certain knowledge the movement was but a strong covering party for the safer expedition of the enemy's flight and baggage.

LEE. It may have been, but was stronger than mine. I did not propose to beard the British lion in his den.

WASHINGTON. Not to be expected of you, whatever your own opinion may have been. I looked for my orders to be obeyed—Bah! Booh! Bah! At least notice of turning tail to the enemy, as you had two hours in which to do both. You now see the consternation you invoked is changed to confidence.

(LEE *attempting to explain.*

No time now for whys and wherefores—Fifteen minutes grace to change the destiny of universal time—(*Aside*) By quick combination may we route them yet—By good fortune nature right here has marked out the spot for good rally and a stand against a multitude of odds—Ramsey and Stewart rush for the wood I point you and under cover of a sheet or two of lead to warm them to rest. Oswald with two crackers unlimber on that height and give them fire—brimstone—boluses, Hell, to make them dance the jig of

death and I guaranty in the minutes to say it there will be a pretty reel. Ah, by quick dispatch pressing on the verge of destruction, now in battle array—Let them on with their “Granny-dears” we care naught—not a “Continental.”

Steadfast, to the crisis past.

‘He laughs best who laughs last.’

(Turning to LEE.

LEE. I can give no orders as I have no further command.

WASHINGTON. Will you sir, on this height, I shall stand the main Army on the next to greet them formally.

LEE. I will sir. It is to me equal where I command.

WASHINGTON. I shall require of you measures on the spot to deadlock the enemy.

LEE. Your orders shall be obeyed—I shall not be the first to leave the field.

WASHINGTON. Then see to it and I shall raise a wall of opposition in reserve, they cannot break down nor resist its impact—

(Exit WASHINGTON for another part of the field—Dark change.

SCENE VI.

1 P. M. The American Second Line.

A strong enfilading height—Another height covered by a wood and a Morass in front. Left wing commanded by Lord Stirling—Right wing by Greene Center and the whole by WASHINGTON.

GENERAL LEE *having fought his men to the extent of retarding the advance of the enemy retires pursued by the Royal Light Horse.*

LEE (*To Washington*) Forced to retire before unequal numbers I have done so in good order, resting in line beyond the Morass—Here are my troops. How is it your pleasure I shall dispose of them.

WASHINGTON. My Dear Sir. Move to the rear of Englishtown and reform in reserve assembling there all fugitives.

(Exit LEE—Turning to SCAMMEL as he looks to the right.

My Lord Stirling having given them a surfeit of contradiction of their desperation to budge him they now turn to Greene and find him full as contentious of his nine points possession, with hard Knox, our Henry, as enfilader.

(Reenter LEE.

LEE. Obedient to command having taken to

the post assigned finding Steuben on that same duty my presence not necessary I return to the battle front tendering service wherever assigned.

WASHINGTON. There now appears no hole to fit the peg—So pre-occupied is the prosecution of events upon the trying and triumphant field of Monmouth. I fear must General Lee suit the truism to live to fight another day.

(LEE bowing moves away—Turns with a malicious look—Exit—Dark change.

SCENE VII.

2 P. M. *The "BLOODY ANGLE."*

COMBS HILL—*An orchard sheltered in part by a barn—A battery in action; Infantry supports near. Positions at gun looking to front. Chief of Piece right, rear. Trumpeter same. 1. Cannoneer who charges, left of muzzle. 2. Cannoneer who sponges and rams, right of muzzle. 3. Bombadier at vent with stall on Middle finger right of breach. 4. Gunner who fires, with service of port fire and primer left of breach. 5. Gunner at tiller to point, rear of piece. 6. Bombadier at ammunition, box on Caisson, serving cartridge, rear of piece. 7. Matross who carries the haversack containing the charge passes between caisson*

and piece left of it. 8. Matross who receives the cartridge at gun and passes it to Cannoneer No. 1.

Words of Command: 1, To Action; 2, Stand Fast; 3, Load; 4, Sponge; 5, Ram; 6, Fire—Piece in action.

WAYNE. (*To Chief of Gun and watching the effect of the shot*). A cross fire on them—A center—what a gaping wound it leaves—give them another and see the doubling of their two extremitiee, as griped with a stomach-ache. (*Another shot*). Ah what a winrow of death in its path.

(*Several of the gunners fall wounded or killed. Enter "MOLLY PITCHER" with a bucket of water—Gunner No. 2 reels and falls.*)

There goes our gallant rammer. He did send them home and odds luck he's gone to keep them company—Remove the piece ere we settle down to closer quarters and the issue of the day—

(CAPTAIN MOLLY drops her bucket and rushes forward.)

MOLLY. Not so hasty gentlemen. Here's Jack Hay's helping mate be the handle broken but na the spout—Not his better half but quite his equal—Give me the sponge.

(*She pulls a much torn and bloody handkerchief from her breast, stoops and kisses the gory face and caressingly.*)

Good-bye mi boy—Sleep eternal and I shall make thim pay the score o making thy Molly a widow.

*(She lays the rag tenderly over his face—
Rises seizing the rammer.)*

Give it me. The proovin' of the puddin' is the eating. *(The charger places a cartridge in the muzzle)*—I shall ram it down their hollering throats—*(Gives it several hard ones, withdraws and at position FIRE.)*

GUNNER. *(Cheering)*. Give it 'em Captain Molly.

WAYNE. See them break and run—

MOLLY. They have at least some respect for the ladies.

(A voice within hearing.)

MONCKTON. Grenadiers—When the tide of battle halts, who of England's tower of strength does say whether for the ebb or flow—

VOICES. *(Shouting)*. His Majesty's Royal Grenadiers—

MONCKTON. Here is a question, and there is the answer.

VOICES. The bay'net of old England has never faltered in response.

MONCKTON. Follow me loyal Englishmen—and carve the rebels for an afterpiece—It is the center of their strength pierce it and they tumble—

(An intervening veil lifted reveals the British front at bayonets charge ready to fall to work.)

WAYNE. Steady men—Hold your fire till near
—Then range sight for pickings—Officers
taking rank first by courtesy then the wave
as it breaks upon the shore.

GUNNERS. Rear.

(Retire from the front.

MONCKTON. *(Waving his sword).* Come on my
boys—Grenadiers—Forward—A harvest.

(Advancing.

Follow for—

(A volley—MONCKTON falls.

God and the King onward—then take me
back to die—*(gasps and dies.)*

(British line wavers and falls back.

WAYNE. Advance men for Old Glory's sake.

(Americans secure MONCKTON'S body.

SERGEANT OF GRENADIERS. There being no offi-
cers but what's laid low—Lay low brother
grenadiers—Monckton and revenge.

*(A hand-to-hand encounter over MONCK-
TON'S body.*

WAYNE. Drag off the carcass of a gallant soul,
and former worthy man and enemy—Grand
prize of victory.

*(Grenadiers return to the fray. In melee
MONCKTON'S body is dragged off by a party
of Americans—A desperate struggle—
Destiny in the balance.*

WAYNE. *(To the men).* Well done—None ever
deserved better of their country—None fore-

most of the fore ne'er planted the oriflamme of the world's enfranchisement.

(Enter WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON... *(Saluting)*. "Mad" Anthony— There's method in his madness. If thou wert other than a man in all his parts, I should embrace thee for a token of grateful consideration—Aye of affection—Poor with thy gallant own and the Carolinas, push in hard pursuit Gain their right, Woodford on their left to circumvent escape and artillery to gall their front—

(Exit POOR and WOODFORD—Dark change.

SCENE VIII.

TWILIGHT. *Into the night and approaching dawn.*

The American Main Army in Bivouac on the plain of Monmouth. The stage representing a wood—Soldiers on outer edge in bivouac—Sentries moving about. WASHINGTON wrapped in his great coat reclining at the foot of a tree—LA FAYETTE the same by his side—

WASHINGTON. But for that bunion of self-assertion this tick of time would have seen Sir Clinton circumvented in his tracks without let or hindrance to his marching back to Philadelphia, as our guest.

LA FAYETTE. Presentiment against the accused not infrequently follows presentment of the plaintiff—His conduct to the man up a tree was clear—The British deserter about General Lee when in prison whom we have, let the cat out of the bag.

WASHINGTON. Admitting the escaped felines, mew, Clinton seeing Lee descending in his rear from Freehold Heights suddenly turned aided by troops from Knyphausen, compelling to Lee's support the flankers of Morgan and Dickinson, thus threatening Clinton's baggage found himself in front of the rear division of the British Army.

LA FAYETTE. That being as my general says: General Lee made no disposition whatever to checkmate nor did he dispatch express to his Chief for orders nor even time to give him reasonable opportunity for an offset to the rush.

WASHINGTON. The hypothesis and concurring circumstances shall have inquiry in full. I make no disputation of what you say—So good night Marquis until the radiant hope of the morrow brightens us to success.

LA FAYETTE. Good night my General may thy slumbers rest undisturbed by wars raven-croakings—My ears are pricked to the shouts of victory—

WASHINGTON. Good night, my son.

LA FAYETTE. Good night.

(*Silence.*

SENTRY. (*Watching over the General in Chief Halt and present*). Heaven shower blessings upon thee—God and the Right—Thou art the Right—(*Poise Arms and resume. beat Halts and looks at a distance*). Their fires burn uncommon bright—They must be fearing some sudden onslaught—Their sentries are alert—Their guns stacked—They slumber off their sorrows—

(*Resumes his measure of duty Few moments of silence—Suddenly Reveille near and far in the American Camp.*

WASHINGTON. (*Quickly on his feet, His orderly assists in putting on his sword musing*) Buckle on the armor of righteousness—

(*LA FAYETTE up.*

Marquis it was a quiet night for so near an arrogant foe.

LA FAYETTE. You have handed him a lemon. I would say a sour but for the early strategy of his friend—

(*Enter an aid bringing in a prisoner.*

AID. The bivouac nearest to the hostile lines at the very break of dawn taking measurement of the enemy, found Camp deserted and sends this sample not making good escape.

SWIFT. (*In British uniform*). With great good fortune over-looked—

WASHINGTON. How was it Sir Henry took such sudden leave?

SWIFT. Because he sought no care of making yesterday's a continuous performance after leaving four officers and forty men too heavily laden to travel, besides two hundred and forty lifeless tenements of clay strewn about the field and many fresh mounds to score up the list of stiff and limp not spirited away nor does this take count of those on leg,—leave to join the Girls they left behind.

WASHINGTON. Your friends take kindly to their sweethearts in the buff.

SWIFT. Six hundred of them would not cover the number of desertions.

WASHINGTON. When did the quick step begin?

SWIFT. Double quicked when the night was young, waning to the turning of another day, with the rising moon leaving their fires brightly burning they swung away so stealthily that even the wakeful owl might not make note of their departure.

WASHINGTON. Thou art a ready reference (*Turning to the guard*)—Hold the captive. (*Turning to SCAMMEL*)—I have in my hand a communication from General Charles Lee an insult to the dignity of the Chief Command of this Army and to its personnel. Colonel Scammel will place General Lee under arrest upon charges.

Disobedience of orders in not attacking the enemy, agreeably to repeated instructions.

Misbehavior before the enemy by an unnecessary, disorderly and shameful retreat.

Disrespect to the Commander-in-Chief in two letters of date inscribed. The trial on these charges shall be by military Court on the fourth day ensuing.

(Exit SCAMMEL, enter GENERAL GREENE conducting CAPTAIN MOLLY.)

WAYNE. I take honor and pleasure in presenting to the notice of our Chief, the heroine of "Monmouth" by honorary rank conferred by her comrades in the thickest of the fray—"Captain Molly."

WASHINGTON. I take off my hat to glorious woman. In the home, at the loom and plough has she done her full share in the cause we hold dear. When a conflict so just has the smiles of wives and sweethearts to nerve the souls of men, success is assured. I pronounce Thee Sergeant by Commission, and a place upon the half-pay list of officers for life.

(Cheers of officers and men. CAPTAIN MOLLY salutes a la militaire and falls back—She is immediately surrounded by an admiring group of soldiers protesting love. Enter a guard with a prisoner in continentals.)

WASHINGTON. What does mar the bright visions of the day.

GUARD. A deserter picked up in the camp of the enemy.

WASHINGTON. Strip him of his rank and hold him for a martial.

(As the guard proceeds to strip the prisoner of his epaulettes—

SHADRACK. I ask forbearance for a word, before thus treating an honorable enemy.

(The guard desists for a moment.

(Enter guard escorting the MERIWEATHERS in no merry mood. RUFUS elated, VON ASEL eclipsed, in a straw hat, countryman's coat and nankeen pants broad in legs and short.

WASHINGTON. *(To an aid)*. For an early walk the vantage of three hours, ensures his majesty's forces once more taking sand at the Hook, under cover of Howe's fleet 'round from Philadelphia. Light parties will harass him thither and rejoin this Army before New York.

(Exit Aid—Turning to the group.

GUARD. Scouting the Britishers in their flight by the roadside stranded lay a hulk, ensign down as if it were the ark of Noah—

MERIWEATHER. Adam—Meriweather, Your Excellency.

RUFUS. *(Aside)*. An' like de dove I was a sarchin round for a landing. I found his Mass Marcenary dey call him a sarchin too, de one dat stole hees clothes when de blessed Lode did send his sarvants 'round to bag 'em an' heear we is agivin' thanks.

WASHINGTON. Not in the best of Company, Mr. Meriweather. Birds of a feather—

MISTRESS M. A pair but not of a kind in opinion.

WASHINGTON. How so Madame.

MISTRESS M. It is not always in the line of circumstances to choose one's own surroundings.

WASHINGTON. As the situation changes.

MISTRESS M. On conditions. Oftentimes love does disturb our natural flow of interest into diverse channels.

WASHINGTON. A tory blend—Ah—A wayward messenger Madam.

MISTRESS M. Dividing King and Country.

WASHINGTON. I have it here. These young gentlemen.

(Advance SWIFT and SHADRACK.

One in the livery of his master an honorable prisoner, the other in the colors of his fellow freeman, a deserter.

(LUCILLE rushes forward by the side of SWIFT in British and MAYBELLE by SHADRACK in Continental uniform.

WASHINGTON. *(To SHADRACK in Continental)*—

What have you to say in mitigation of a soldier's worst malfeasance of honor with death its only palliation.

MAYBELLE. Spare him good General. My Reginald I know better of him than to desert his loving trusting Maybelle—Let him speak

and if it be true as you charge then shall I too prove, deserter not to the faith I have, but to its false friend.

WASHINGTON. Then let him speak for his defense. I shall give ear—Let justice be done.

SHADRACK. (*Saluting*). I was so dead asleep from yester's busy day, 'pon waking in the morning light did think the world turned into The Garden. Finding none other wardrobe nearer than a leaf, a seeing this (*pointing to his lapel*) lying close I did don it for decency whereupon by some magic a file did rasped me, then thought I had left my senses and the identity of Roland Shadrack, Captain in His Majesty's Dragoons, nor a horse, a horse to light away in conclusion, etc., according to the clothes by misnomer a Captain of Continental Lights.

MAYBELLE. Then I take thee Roland for my Reginald.

SHADRACK. Thou art not amiss in this.

LUCILLE. (*Passing across to SHADRACK*)—The outer garb does become Thee.

SWIFT. (*Crossing taking SHADRACK by the hand WASHINGTON and all amazed*). 'Tis true what he says. In the hurry of their disappearance having slipped the guard I found this gay Dragoon nestled in the arms of

death as I thought in the shadow of the moon, against further use for the fashions of the day—Forgetful of qualms concerning the stripping of the corpse I did take this unbecoming dress to make good against detection, and left this gentleman what I see he has put on, a surety does he keep it for a blissful hereafter and as for this unfair exchange it was one way out of purgatory. And gives me the honor to salute you General with the true heart (*lifting his British casque*) of Reginald Swift Continental Light Horse.

WASHINGTON. (*In surprise*). I greet you and grant, fearful of your fate—

SWIFT. The same with myself General, but for sudden armed intercession I would ere this have swung twixt sky and earth another emblazonment of the tablets of my country's glory.

ASEL. (*Bursting across the stage addressing a soldier in part Hessian uniform*)—You steal de dress von die Grosse Hertzhog.

SOLDIER. Whose hog?

ASEL. Mein (*looking toward the General*)—You haf my pants vearing. (*To SHADRACK*)—Vat you doos mit de wrong clothes horse on.

WASHINGTON. Well fitted to a double wedding although for a mating of the Colors we cannot say as much. Each heart beneath sighs loyalty to his lady love and flag. Of the one we wish exchanging a happy bondage in place of the chains he would sever. Of the other a soldier of honor on parole trusting some day to welcome him to our hearts.

ASEL. Und vere comes in Von Asel. He luf ze ole Laty and Ah-dam he go to ze voots.

FINALE.—*Music, Washington's March (Fyles), and Yankee Doodle.*

END OF PLAY.

RETROSPECTIVE OF LEE.

The treason of Arnold, an American, Lee (Charles) an Englishman, and the cabal in the interests of Gates an Englishman, fomented by Conway an Irishman and several Americans of general rank and by a clique in Civil life against Washington were the three most perilous situations in the long struggle for American Independence.

The Arnold treason and the Conway cabal were fortunately nipped in the bud. The perfidy of Lee aiming at the surrender of the Army and over-throw of Washington, was buried in doubt for eighty years before the truth came to light through the researches of the Historical Society of New York.

The subject of this infamous purpose was son of a Colonel in the British Army and daughter of a younger branch of the noble house of Lichfield. He entered his father's regiment at the age of eleven when it was said one-third of the subalterns of the British Army were still in the nursery.

After his father's death he was commissioned Lieutenant in the 44th or East Essex Regiment of the Irish establishment of which his father had been Colonel and came with it to America—He belonged to the class of which Wellington

said "if ten thousand British soldiers were placed in Hyde Park not an officer in the service could get them out."

His career began under Braddock in the Valley of the Monongahela when the Provincial Colonel Washington saved the British Army from annihilation. Few officers escaped uninjured. Lee was one of the few.

When Dunbar brought the shattered remains into Philadelphia the pottle valor of Lee proclaimed the enterprise as the "Cabbage Planting of Expedition" of which he was one of the heads.

His next feat was the part of a villain at the home of the loyal Schuylers on the northward march of Abercrombie against the French. Being injured at Ticonderoga and brought back he accepted the tender care of the benefactress whom he had insulted. So poignant was his compunctions he swore her a place in Heaven although he declared no other women would be there.

We next hear of him in divers disreputable performances during which he came to Major in the 193d or Volunteer Hunters in 1761, and Lieutenant-Colonel on half-pay upon disbandment in 1772, the highest rank he obtained in the British Army.

In 1762 as Lieutenant-Colonel in the service of the King of Portugal he was with Burgoyne against the Spaniards. He ran the gamut of a

soldier of fortune on the continent of Europe where he became notorious for his villification of his superiors and general misconduct. In 1770 in Italy he signalized his headlong career by killing an officer, himself losing two fingers.

In 1773 he left England for America, where he cultivated the Whigs and stood in with his old chum Gates. He was in Philadelphia when the First Continental Congress met, and taking opportunity of their simple notions of military affairs, after which blowing of his own horn about the superiority of his genius and experience, of course solicited command. He was now forty three years of age, thirty-two of which he had passed in the British service during which period he never commanded a regiment.

The second Continental Congress which met in May 1775; notwithstanding a misguided coterie in that body in favor of Lee, chose George Washington of Virginia, Commander-in-Chief, Artemas Ward of Massachusetts First and Charles Lee of England Second Major-General.

Then began the vindictive spirit of Lee to destroy his Chief and betray the cause he had forced himself upon and sworn to support.

It was feared at the time, this rebuff would affect his zeal. The suspicion was not misplaced. In addition to his unfitness, lack of stability of character not to mention his low

moral sense, it was also felt that the pride of the people would never consent, to being led by any General but an American born.

In his displeasure Lee described Ward appointed his senior as "a fat old gentleman who had been a Church Warden."

His innate meanness, insatiable ambition, inordinate selfishness, sordid impulses and impertinence were shown when, after soliciting the appointment, he required of the Congressional Committee of notification of his appointment a bond of indemnity for any losses he might sustain although he had an annual personal income of £1,000 or about \$5,000. He bought an American estate for about £5,000, borrowing from Mr. Morris the money to pay for it and drew on England for £3,000 which was returned protested.

It is recorded when caught at Basking Ridge in New Jersey, four miles away from his command, it has not yet been discovered why, Lee fell on his knees to the British Commander and "all agree behaved in a most cowardly manner apparently frantic with terror." Had he shown the same spirit as his American Aid, Major William Bradford, French officer and American guard he might have escaped. The whole transaction had the appearance of an attempt to open the way to make terms and get back to his friends.

His command at a distance falling to General Sullivan, the American soldiers being informed of his capture showed themselves glad to get rid of him.

It is now established by documents which have come to light that while Washington was generously putting forward every effort to save Lee's neck by holding five Hessian officers and Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell as special hostages for his safety, he was concocting a plan of reconciliation by condemning the Americans for continuing the contest.

The autograph proof of Lee's treason is endorsed in the hand-writing of Henry Strachey, Secretary to the Royal Commissioners Lord and Sir William Howe and backed "Mr. Lee's plan 29th March, 1777." It covers 5 octavo pages, Print [N. Y. Historical Society Collections, 1874 Lee Papers, Vol. IV, pp. 335-427.]

In connection with this compromising document read Lee's Letter Dec. 12th, 1777, the day before his capture to his friend General Gates, speaking of "a certain great man as damnably deficient," meaning Washington.

He outlined a campaign in the south which he took the liberty of pressing upon the consideration of his Lordship and General Howe.

There is nothing to show that Lee had been tampered with or solicited. It "must have been the voluntary offering of cowardice eager to

purchase immunity by treachery and thus open the way back to allegiance and protection."

After being held more than a year, Lee was transferred to Philadelphia then in the hands of the British. His parole was extended to allow him to visit Congress then sitting at York, Pennsylvania. During his visit he was exchanged and rejoined the colors at Valley Forge about a month before his remarkable performance at

MONMOUTH AT WHICH POINT THE ACTION OF THE PLAY BEGINS.

At the termination of the battle of Monmouth Lee having indulged in vituperation of Washington was placed under arrest, tried by Court-martial and sentenced to suspension for one year, (practically dismissed) which was confirmed by Congress.

He lived through the rest of the war in conscious disgrace. In his last moments which occurred at Philadelphia he shouted "Stand by me my brave grenadiers."

CAPTAIN "MOLLY" PITCHER
A Remarkable Case of Mistaken Identity.

MARY LUDWIG HAYS,
Heroine of Monmouth.

MARGARET COCHRAN CORBIN,
Heroine of Fort Washington.

There exists a conflict of identity as to two heroines of the war for American Independence for which there can be no excuse except the carelessness of persons assuming to write history.

The case in point is the mistaken personalities of Mary Ludwig Hays, the heroine of "Monmouth," a Pennsylvania German, and Margaret Cochran Corbin, of Pennsylvania of Scotch Irish stock and Virginia-Pennsylvania parentage.

A local authority in the *Telegraph* of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, March 5th, 1907, calls attention to this mix-up.

By way of comment the writer says:

Historian after historian in referring to the War for American Independence, makes men-

tion of the valor of the patriots of the Revolution, and of the heroism of the one particular woman who is designated as "Moll Pitcher" from the services performed by her at Monmouth and Fort Washington in carrying water to the soldiers at the guns. One writer or another centres her brilliant actions around the former engagement, while others in narrating the events which led up to the surrender of Fort Washington, speak of "Moll Pitcher" as gallantly identifying herself with that memorable event, by firing the last gun before its surrender. Investigation and research disclose the fact, that these women were not identical—and although belonging to or accompanying the same artillery force of the Continental Army, each earned the laurels which writers have heretofore failed to bestow on the right women. One of our most noted historians of the Revolution referring to "Captain Molly" in his account of the action at Monmouth states that "she was a sturdy, young camp follower, only twenty years of age, and in devotion to her husband, she illustrated the character of her country—women of the "Emerald Isle." The sketches which follow of these heroines of Monmouth and Fort Washington, give the facts of the courage and skill of two American women—one of German, the other of Scotch-Irish lineage—records of duty which in any other country would be perpetuated in marble or

bronze. Much fiction has been furnished relating to these events, but the narratives herein set forth will tend not only to perpetuate the incidents but preserve the names of two of the most heroic womanly figures of the Revolution.

MOLLY HAYS THE HEROINE OF MONMOUTH.

Mary Ludwig, the daughter of John George Ludwig, was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, October 13, 1744. Her parents were emigrants from the Palantinate, Germany. Mary's early years were spent in the family of General William Irvine, then residing at Carlisle. Here she became acquainted with John Hays, to whom she was married July 24, 1769. When the struggle for independence began, John Hays enlisted in Captain Francis Proctor's independent artillery company. With almost every command a certain number of married women were allowed, who did the washing, mending, and frequently the cooking for the soldiers. Among these was the wife of John Hays, who gladly availed herself of the privilege of sharing the privations and dangers of war with her husband. Two years had passed, of march, bivouac and battle, and the devoted wife followed the fortunes of her partner in life.

It was preserved for her, however, to immortalize her name by one heroic deed. It was in the action at Monmouth that her conduct became conspicuous. Sergeant Hays, who had charge of one of the guns, was severely wounded, and being carried away, the wife took his place in the forefront, and when the conflict was over assisted in carrying water to the disabled. This won for her the sobriquet of "Moll Pitcher." There may have been other "Moll Pitchers," but this heroine of Monmouth was none the less than Molly Hays. For her brave conduct upon coming to the attention of the Commander-in-Chief, General Washington, personally complimented her, as she departed for her home in Pennsylvania with her wounded soldier, to show his appreciation of her virtues and her valuable services to her country. Hays never returned to the army, and died a few years after the close of the war from the effects of his wounds. Owing to the fact that other women were credited with this heroic act at Monmouth the State of Pennsylvania, as well as the Federal Government in recognition of her distinguished services as herein set forth, granted her annuities for life.

Mrs. Hay's subsequently married George McCauley, and was afterwards familiarly known as Molly McCauley. She was a woman highly respected by the citizens of Carlisle, and at her death, January 22, 1832, was buried with

the honors of war. In 1876 the patriotic people of Cumberland County appropriately marked her grave, and the day is coming when the name of Molly McCauley will be honored and revered by patriots throughout the land. Inured to hardships, privations and sufferings in her life, she was a true matron of the Revolutionary era. Poor, it is true, but conspicuous in her loneliness and poverty.

MARGARET CORBIN THE HEROINE OF FORT WASHINGTON.

Margaret Cochran, daughter of Robert Cochran, was born in what is now Franklin County, Pennsylvania, November 12, 1752. During the Indian maraud of 1756, her father was killed by the Indians and her mother taken prisoner. In November, 1758, the latter was seen one hundred miles westward of the Ohio. It is probable that Margaret and her brother, John, were away from home at the time. In 1765 nothing had been heard from the mother, and the children were yet under the guardianship of their maternal uncle. About the year 1772 Margaret married John Corbin. Of him or his antecedents little is known save that he was a Virginian by birth.

At the commencement of the War of the Revolution, John Corbin enlisted as a matross in Captain Francis Proctor's First company of

the Pennsylvania Artillery, and his wife accompanied her soldier to the wars. Childless, she felt that the patriot cause demanded this self-sacrificing duty on her part, and as the sequel shows, she proved how brave a woman could become. At the attack upon Fort Washington, a shot from the enemy killed her husband. There being no one to fill his place the officer in command directed the piece to be withdrawn. Hearing this order, Margaret Cochran unhesitatingly took her husband's place, and heroically performed his duties with courage until supposed fatally wounded. Her services were appreciated by the officers of the army. The State of Pennsylvania made prompt provision for her, but it was not until the Supreme Executive Council called the attention of Congress to her case that that body offered her any relief.

On the 29th of June, 1779, the Council ordered: "That the case of Margaret Corbin, who was wounded and utterly disabled at Fort Washington, while she heroically filled the post of her husband, who was killed by her side serving a piece of artillery, be recommended to a further consideration of the Board of War, this Council being of opinion that notwithstanding the rations which have been allowed her, she is not provided for as her helpless situation really requires." A few days afterward, in July, we have the first acknowledgment of

her services by Congress, which unanimously resolved: "That Margaret Corbin, wounded and disabled at the battle of Fort Washington while she heroically filled the post of her husband, who was killed by her side serving a piece of artillery, do receive during her natural life, or continuance of said disability, one-half the monthly pay drawn by a soldier in the service of these States; and that she now receive, out of the public stores, one suit of clothes or value thereof in money."

With this documentary evidence, it is as a strange thing that Mr. Lossing, in his "Field Book of the Revolution," as well as other historians of greater or lesser note, should attempt to give the credit of these heroic achievements to some one else. On the rolls of the Invalid Regiment in Pennsylvania, commanded by Colonel Lewis Nicola, as it was discharged in April, 1783, is found the name of Margaret Corbin. She was properly pensioned by her native State at the close of the war and until her death, caused by her wounds received in battle. She resided in Westmoreland County, beloved, honored and respected by every one. She died January 16, 1800, and lies buried in Congruity graveyard. For her distinguished bravery in these days when patriotism has to be taught, it would be well that the women of America, so proud of their Revolutionary ancestry,

should honor her devotion and loyalty to country and liberty, by perpetuating her virtues in bronze or marble. Mr. De Lancey in writing of the capitulation of Fort Washington, enthusiastically wrote: "The deed of Augustina of Aragon, the Maid of Zaragoza, was not nobler, truer, braver than that of Margaret Corbin, of Pennsylvania.

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